

DOINGS OF THE VAN LOONS



It seems Father has a limit

WHAT IS POTLICKER?

In the discussion of the question put by the New York Herald, "What is Potlicker?" the Savannah Press and the Boston Transcript seem moved by sectionalism rather than by an earnest desire to define the liquid for the information of the Herald. The Transcript asserts that it is the "houn" dawg's ambrosia. The Press replies with a fling at a provincial devotion to beans which makes the Bostonian blind to the earth's other offering to mankind.

The Standard dictionary asserts that potlicker is "a thin broth obtained from meat in water."

The late Edward Carmack of Tennessee, once maintained in senatorial debate, in answer to a Republican who resorted to the Standard dictionary for proof, that Mr. Standard was an uncompromising Republican and wrote his dictionary in the interest of his party, adding that the character and purposes of Mr. Century and Mr. Webster were the same, and if his colleagues hoped to prove anything by them he might be warned in advance of ignominious failure.

It is not necessary to imitate Mr. Carmack's method of attack in an effort to prove that the Standard dictionary is intentionally misleading about potlicker. The fact is that the lexicographer who wrote down that definition had never acquired acquaintanceship with genuine potlicker.

Mere meat boiled in water will produce what the writer of a dictionary may call "potlicker," but real potlicker, the only variety worthy of discussion, is distilled, preferably in an iron kettle over a wood fire, from hog jowl and wild greens. It gets from the jowl the flavor of clover leaves and dew imparted to that part of the pig's anatomy during happy hours of grazing in rich pastures. There is also a suggestion of the fragrant leaves of sassafras bushes and the nut-like quality of flint corn. The commingled essence of wild greens—dandelion leaves, lamb's quarter, "pepper grass" and a dozen other varieties—with a bouquet added by the penetrant wood smoke that envelops the pot in which the greens caress the jowl, make the true potlicker of the South ambrosial to both the "houn" dawg and the twins. Upon it many distinguished men and a greater number of happy and useful citizens have been fed from weaning time.

It is perfectly well known among old wives in thousands of log cabins where children multiply for the earth's replenishment, that potlicker contains about all the elements of nutrition and entertainment billed down, and that the child who drinks it needs no tonics. Moreover, it is whispered around that it wasn't really a mess of pottage, but a half-gallon or so of potlicker that proved the undoing of Esau when he returned, famished, from the chase and bartered his birthright.

Lemonade.

It is a helpful, soothing drink, when flies are bad and days are hot; and whether it is white or pink it always seems to hit the spot. I drink it with the lovely dames when drug store clerks take in the kale; I drink it at the baseball games, at home I sip it by the pail. Of all soft drinks it is the best, as every learned physician knows; it always soothes my savage breast, and gives my warlike soul repose. It takes the fungus from my tongue, and kills the toadstools in my throat; and I feel brave and gay and young, when all my innards are afloat; when they're afloat in lemonade, my head is clear, my nerve is strong; I face my duties unafraid, and put up hay the whole day long. And when the cool, gray morning breaks, I do not see, beside my bed, a bunch of hydra-headed snakes with pea-green antlers on each head. I rise refreshed, so full of vim, and of aggressive strength so full, that when I've sung my morning hymn, I go out doors and whip a bull.—Walt Mason.

Kentucky's Moonlight Schools.

Florence Times.

Other times, other manners, Kentucky, long known for its moonshine whiskey, is still fond of moonlight nights, but it is using them now not in making the stuff which destroys bodies, but, the stuff which builds minds and souls.

In other words, Kentucky is using its fine moonlight nights for encouraging the spread of education among the rural population. "No illiteracy in Kentucky by 1920!" is the slogan of the band of educators who are busy with this great work.

Special committees are now being named by county superintendents of schools. The members of these committees will take the work of this year's organization in hand.

"The ablest speakers of the state," says The Owensboro Messenger, "have been selected to go out into districts not their own and address the people on this important subject, and incidentally they will advocate the cause of popular education generally and other good progressive ideas will be voiced by them. The time is opportunity."

The more one studies the evils and discomforts under which most human beings labor, the more one realizes how large a part of the burden is due to ignorance. In undertaking to see that every man, woman and child within its confines is able to read and write before the next five years have gone by, Kentucky is setting a noble example to the nation.

The process is first to send these organizers and speakers out among the people in remote districts to arouse interest, and to follow this with the "moonlight schools." People who will walk eight miles at night after hard days to go to school want to learn. They and their children will profit by the fact that they have learned, no matter how little. One little break in the dam which contains the stream of knowledge, and it will force its own way through. The day of manual labor pure and simple is past. The country needs trained minds to cope with its new problems. The future of our democratic country depends upon the mental quality of those who compose the nation. Kentucky is working hard to abolish illiteracy, to raise its citizenship to a higher mental level, is worthy of the hearty support, commendation and imitation of every state in the Union.

Thou Shalt Not Worry.

We read of the women wondering on the first Easter morning, "Who shall roll away the stone?" and then, when they came to the tomb, behold the stone was gone and the tomb was empty. They had worried about a difficulty which did not exist.

We have all done that. Some man said that the greatest troubles in his life were those which never happened. How often it has been that, when we have gone ahead bravely to face our anxiety, we have found that it was chained, like the lions in Pilgrim's Progress, and could not hurt us.

Worry does us harm, not only mentally and spiritually, but physically as well. It is believed by many scientists who have followed carefully the growth of brain diseases, that scores of the deaths set down to other causes have been due to worry and to that alone.

The theory is a simple one. It is that worry injures beyond repair certain cells of the brain; and the brain being the nutritive center of the body, the other organs become gradually injured, and are an easy prey to disease.

Just as the dropping of water will wear away a stone, so the constant recurrence of a worry wears away the mental and physical strength.

A Cough Remedy That Relieves.
It's prepared from the healing Pine Balsam, Tar and Honey—all mixed in a pleasant, soothing Cough Syrup called Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey. Thousands have benefited by its use—no need of your enduring that annoying cough or risking a dangerous cold. Go to your dealer, ask for a 25c original bottle of Dr. Bell's and get rid of your cough and cold.

What's the Difference.

Fountain Inn Tribune.

A Georgia boy went to Europe to join in the fighting. He had no high motive of patriotism, no grim necessity of self preservation, to excuse his action. After some months he was put in charge of a shrapnel gun. Later he was wounded and taken to a hospital.

Last week he wrote from the hospital to an uncle in Georgia, boasting that he had killed 3,000 of the "enemy." His boasted total was a matter of guess work, of course but he had fired approximately 6,000 shrapnel shells and each of them had exploded into fragments scattering several hundred lead pellets, so his figures are probably not exaggerated. The most remarkable part of his letter is the comparison of war to bird hunting, wherein he says that the larger game furnishes greater sport.

Newspapers in this section, in commenting on the boy's letter, show a disposition to lionize him. They make him a hero. Doubtless his people are proud of him. When he comes back home there may be dinners in his honor.

I can imagine his mother, introducing him to admiring lady friends saying: "This is my boy Charley the murderer. Oh, yes, indeed. He killed over three thousand men—tore their bodies into shreds and scattered their blood over the ground. I am so proud of him. He takes after his uncle John. John, you know, shot two men here in Georgia one time. But the law hanged John for it. I don't think that fair, do you? I hope my younger children will be like Charley. It will be so nice to have several murderers in the family—but I do wish my girl would go out and kill a few people. Girls are so useless. They never do anything to bring honor to the family."

Heroes and murderers! What a chasm between them, and yet how like in the minds of average people.

GIRLS THAT ARE WANTED.

The girls that are wanted are good girls—

Good from the heart to the lips; Pure as the lily is white and pure From its heart to its sweet tips. The girls that are wanted are home girls—

Girls that are mothers' right hand, That fathers and brothers can trust etc.

And the little ones understand.

Girls that are fair on the hearthstone, And pleasant when nobody sees; Kind and sweet to their own folks, Ready and anxious to please, The girls that are wanted are wise girls—

That know what to do and to say; That drive with a smile and a soft word The wrath of the household away.

The girls that are wanted are girls of sense, Whom fashion can never deceive; Who can follow whatever is pretty, And dare what is silly to leave, The girls that are wanted are careful girls—

Who count what a thing will cost, Who use with a prudent, generous hand, But see that nothing is lost.

The girls that are wanted are girls with hearts; They are wanted for mothers and wives;

Wanted to cradle in loving arms The strongest and frailest lives, The clever, the witty, the brilliant girl.

There are few who can understand; But oh! for the wise, loving home girls, There's a constant, steady demand.

—Exchange.

A Good Household Salve.
Ordinary ailments and injuries are not of themselves serious, but infection or low vitality may make them dangerous. Don't neglect a cut, sore, bruise or hurt because it's small. Blood poison has resulted from a pin-prick or scratch. For all such ailments Bucklen's Arnica Salve is excellent. It protects and heals the hurt; is antiseptic, kills infection and prevents dangerous complications. Good for all skin blemishes, pimples, salt rheum, eczema. Get an original 2-ounce 25c box from your druggist.

COMPULSORY LAWS.

Greenwood Journal.

With South Carolina and Texas enrolled on the list of states that have compulsory school attendance laws as a result of 1915 legislation, the states without compulsory laws are now reduced to four—Alabama, Florida, Georgia and Mississippi.

While the South Carolina and Texas laws are not as comprehensive and strict as those of some of the other states that have had compulsory laws for many years, they are a distinct recognition of the compulsory principle and represent a big step forward in the two states.

The Texas law requires all children between the ages of 8 and 14 to attend school—60 days the first year, 80 days the second year, and 100 days thereafter in every school year. It provides for attendance officers, fixes penalties for violations, and provides for the establishment of parental or truant schools where necessary. The law goes into effect September 1, 1915.

The South Carolina law is optional, but the state authorities are hopeful that a large proportion of the districts will vote to have the law apply to them. State Superintendent Swearingen is urging that "every local tax district circulate its compulsory attendance petition at once, hold its election, and put every child in school during 1915-1916."

Officers of the United States Bureau of education believe that the action of Texas and South Carolina in enacting compulsory school attendance laws will have a good effect not only on the four states still without such laws, but also on states where the school attendance laws operate only in part. Vigorous campaigns are under way in several states to make compulsory education effective throughout all the territory of the states and for longer periods of attendance.

In Alabama, where school problems are receiving special attention this year, the need for a compulsory attendance law as one of the most important steps in progress is keenly recognized. Present and former state superintendents of education have urged the enactment of a suitable law. State Supt. W. F. Feagin declared in his annual report: "No one would question for a moment that the state has the right to compel the parents to feed and clothe his child, and to carry the law-breaking child to the reformatory or the jail to protect society. Has not the state an equal right to require the parent to send his child to school in order to save him from that reformatory or that jail and to make him a producer rather than a mere consumer of the wealth of the state? Alabama needs a form of compulsory education which should be as rigid and as progressive as our ability to cope with the situation will make possible."

The Cheap Letterhead.

The Acorn.
I am the cheap letterhead. In the beginning I was a job lot of cheap bond paper bought at a price. I neither radiate personality, reflect quality, nor impress the recipients favorably. I was brought out by a misguided individual who sought to save money. I am not a real letterhead, for they get business, and I never will, but why should it be expected of me? I didn't cost anything and people never get more than they pay for.

Daily Thought.

If a man has nothing to reproach himself with, he can bear anything.—Phillips Brooks.

An Easy, Pleasant Laxative.

One or two Dr. King's New Life Pills with a tumbler of water at night. No bad, nauseating taste; no belching gas. Go right to bed. Wake up in the morning, enjoy a free, easy bowel movement, and feel fine all day. Dr. King's New Life Pills are sold by all druggists, 36 in an original package, for 25c. Get a bottle today—enjoy this easy, pleasant laxative.

Illegal Signs and Billboards.

Rainier (Ore.) Review.

The American Civic Association has issued a leaflet entitled, "Illegal Signs in Pennsylvania." It takes up the posting of small advertisements on trees, posts, fences, sheds, etc., contrary to the law of that state. This is a very useful measure of civic improvement, and one worthy of attention and emulation everywhere.

A great many of the states now have laws regulating or prohibiting this practice as far as the limits of the highways are concerned. The state that lacks such statutes should have them. It is a matter to which the annual conference of governors, which has been in session the past week at Madison, Wis., might well have taken up, in an effort to secure uniform treatment of this problem.

A country road is all right in a state of nature. Whatever God put there is beautiful, if it be nothing more than grass, or even bare rocks or sand. All the works of nature have their own power and compel attention. Columbia county will within the next year have a grand big highway running through to the sea along which, nature in all her grandeur will compel all who pass this way to contemplate the wonders of this country, but what will the addition of tobacco signs and other kindred advertising stuck to the cheek of nature have upon these travelers that pass over this great highway?

When man comes in, he makes a wreck of it. He tacks his dinky little signs to trees and fences. This turns the beauty of outdoor life into the dingy shabbiness of a city alley.

No one benefits by this form of publicity. These little signs offer no argument. They do not help an intending purchaser of goods to a more intelligent idea of what he ought to do. They merely yell in his ear, when he wishes to be quiet and look around him.

Roadside signs are bad enough when they are first put out, newly painted or printed. After being battered by sun, rain and dust, they soon become faded and are still more defacing. It should be legal in every state to remove an advertising sign placed within the limits of a public highway. Improvement societies, civic associations, and boards of trade should join in efforts to remove these objectionable features and make country surroundings more pleasing.

Home-Made Gypsy Wagons for Vacationers.

In the July Woman's Home Companion a contributor suggests a camping caravan for vacationers and tells how to make one. He says that for a family vacation trip there is nothing so comfortable as this home-made gypsy wagon. Following is an extract from his comments on the subject:

"For those who want a novel, comfortable vacation trip there is nothing that equals caravanning in a home built gypsy wagon. In England the country roads are full of these caravans during the summer months. Such a vehicle renders the travelers independent of hotels and boarding houses; it is not expensive to build or to maintain, and it turns a camping-and-tramping trip into quite a luxurious thing—indeed, it is a complete house on wheels. It contains two bunks, which form seats in the daytime, a folding table, a kitchen table, a stove, and a case of drawers and bins, lockers, a food box and a tank for water."

Tired, Aching Muscles Relieved.
Hard work, over exertion, mean stiff, sore muscles. Sloan's Liniment lightly applied, a little quiet, and your soreness disappears like magic. "Nothing ever helped like your Sloan's Liniment. I can never thank you enough," writes one grateful user. Stops suffering, aches and pains. An excellent counter-irritant, better and cleaner than mustard. All druggists, 25c. Get a bottle today. Penetrates without rubbing. 2

SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

Premier Carrier of the South.

PASSENGER TRAIN SCHEDULES.

Trains arrive Lancaster from:

No. 118—Yorkville, Rock Hill and intermediate stations 8:31 a. m.

No. 113—Charleston, Columbia and intermediate stations 10:05 a. m.

No. 114—Marion, Blacksburg, Charlotte and intermediate stations, 1:35 p. m.

No. 117—Columbia, Kingsville and intermediate stations, 7:41 p. m.

Trains leave Lancaster for:

No. 118—Kingsville, Columbia and intermediate stations, 8:31 a. m.

No. 113—Rock Hill, Blacksburg, Marion, Charlotte and intermediate stations, 10:05 a. m.

No. 114—Kingsville, Columbia, Charleston and intermediate stations 1:35 p. m.

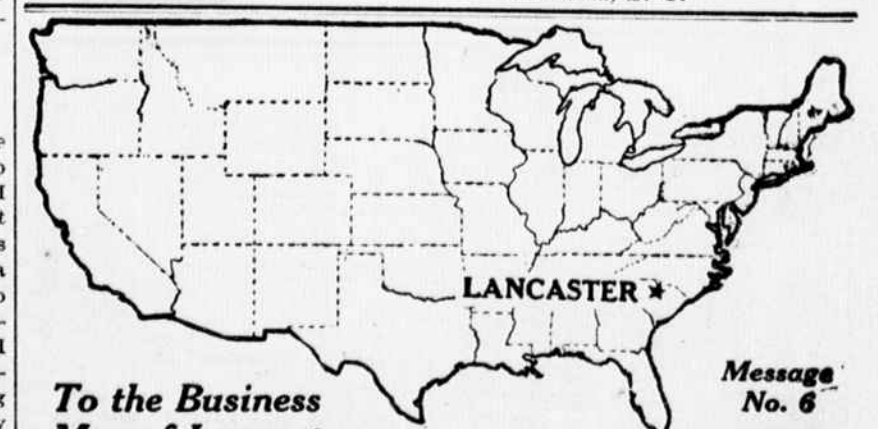
No. 117—Rock Hill, Yorkville and intermediate stations, 7:41 p. m.

Schedule figures are published as information only, not guaranteed. For information as to passenger fares, etc., call on W. B. CAUTHEN, Agent.

SPEND YOUR MONEY AT HOME.

Get South Carolina Custom Hand Made Harness, Bridles, etc., at factory prices. A trial Mail Order will prove our assertion. We buy Hides and Tallow at highest prices. Write us your wants and offerings.

WILSE W. MARTIN,
Columbia, S. C.



To the Business
Men of Lancaster

When a run-down salesman calls on you, do you buy his goods? Aren't you afraid of his line because he looks as if no one ever gave him an order? Same thing is true of a seedy town. To be prosperous we must look prosperous and show local pride.

Clean streets, nice stores and well-painted buildings pay because they bring business. Paint-hungry buildings are least excusable, for paint made of

Dutch Boy Leads White Lead

and pure linseed oil pays its way by protecting buildings against rot and decay. Let us estimate on your painting job. We have all good painting requisites. Call us up today.

FOR SALE BY
BENNETT-TERRY COMPANY.